

WANTS, LOST, ETC.

Notices under this head inserted one week for 25 cents. Three weeks for 50 cents.

FOR SALE.
100 acres of growing wood and timber, in the town of Greenwood, 2 1/2 miles from Bethel village, extending south from the Albany road. A. R. TUELL, West Paris, Me.

FOR SALE.
The farm known as the Skinner, farm situated in Albany, containing about 80 acres, well divided as to tillage, wood, and timber land; also, good orchard and buildings in comfortable condition. Terms reasonable. Apply to Otis Hayford, Hanover, Me.

FOR SALE.
Any one in need of a sewing machine should examine the New Home which can be seen at the store of E. E. Burnham. This machine is new and can be bought at a bargain. S. N. BUCK.

FOR SALE.
A few nice cows. Inquire of Henry Farwell.

Songs.
150 Popular Songs, words and music complete, bound in neat and attractive covers. Sent by mail prepaid. 10 cts. Globe Book Co., East Sumner, Me.

COLDS

cured in one day by using
LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
For sale at

HALL'S DRUG STORE.

METAL PEN HOLDERS
all colors.

5 CENTS.

L. C. Hall's

Pickles.

ALL KINDS—
ALL PRICES.
AT
R. E. L. FARWELL'S,
Main Street.

"Answer My Letter,"
is the cry you hear from your correspondents. We suspect the reason why you don't write is because you are all out of the

PINE TREE LINEN
which you bought last month. We understand why you dislike to use anything else, now. But there is more to it.

25c BOX. UNRULED.
ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT.

You People With

NARROW FEET
or
TENDER FEET
or
Feet Hard to fit— for any reason—should come to us.

We have an endless variety of footwear.

PALMER SHOE CO.,
PORTLAND, ME.

E. E. WHITNEY & CO.

BETHEL, ME.

Marble & Granite

Workers.

Chaste Designs.

First-Class workmanship.

Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work.

Get our prices.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

E. E. WHITNEY & CO.

WOODBURY & PURINGTON,

Have on Hand
Nice Grades
of...

Flour, Corn,

Meal, Bran,

CHICAGO

Gluten

Meal,

LIME, CEMENT,

SALT, :

Dry Goods and Groceries.

Woodbury & Purington, Bethel, Maine.

DO YOU KNOW
THAT IT PAYS TO PUT
A WANT Ad
IN THE NEWS WANT COLUMN?
ONE WEEK 25c. 3-50c.

The Bethel News.

DON'T FORGET
that we are anxious for all the LOCAL NEWS and will gladly receive all you will send.

NEW MEXICO LETTER.

Mosilla Park, N. Mex., Feb. 2nd, '98

Dear Friends:
My long silence is due not to lack of thought, but my life has been so busy that I could not find time to write, besides I have not seen very much new that I thought would interest you.

I have made one trip that you may enjoy an account of.

Friday, Dec. 31st, a party of four of us visited Shalam or Children Land, a colony of Spiritualists, or Faithists as they call themselves, situated about eleven miles from here.

The Colony is formed by wealthy people in the East, and the money donated is held in trust for the children. They have taken up or purchased 1,000 acres of land and as there is plenty of money, "the waste place smiles." I do not know much about their religion; their Bible is called Oaspi, and there is a series of pictures, of which I will speak more fully later, that they claim was painted while the gentleman was in a trance. There are three stages in their Colony, Earth, Leviticus and Shalam. The first is where people go when they join them, the second is where they go as they become better, and Shalam corresponds to heaven. Last year, Mr. Howland, the gentleman in charge, went to Kansas City and brought home 25 children—poor, sick little things who had no home; now they are well and happy.

After our eleven mile drive, we came to a big gate, entering which, our way led through a broad way. About a quarter of a mile from the gate, was a road branching to the left; the sign-post read Leviticus, but we decided to keep on to Shalam.

In order to understand what has been accomplished, one must remember that the country is almost a desert. As we drove up we came first to a large brick house, with a beautiful lawn in front with concrete walks extending in all directions to the other buildings; on a slight rise, was a large white building in the form of a hollow square, the yard being fenced in with cacti. We passed up the walk to the upper building, seeing no one. Soon we saw Mr. H— approaching. He was a striking figure, clad in a pair of white cotton trousers resembling those of a Turk (only his did not extend below the knee) long leather leggings, a white cotton blouse, with a blue sash around the waist, and over all a light blue quilted coat; the latter is only worn for warmth, and in the summer no shoes or leggings are worn; his hair is long and slightly tinged with gray and he never wears a hat, and is always surrounded by a flock of children.

He came up to where we were standing and after we introduced ourselves he proved to be a most cordial and gentlemanly host. After getting the keys he took us through the house; it contained first the library, an exceedingly pleasant room; upon the table were all the latest periodicals. Across from this was an elegantly furnished parlor. On its walls, were the pictures before referred to, 17 in all—they were weird, wild things, with shadowy faces and forms peering out from the dark background. One shows a most brutal face—another takes this same face in the first steps of civilization and so on until the most perfect type of manhood is reached. One might give considerable time to the study of these pictures but I had only a few moments. The inner court of this house must be beautiful in the summer, but the shrubbery was encased in boxes for the winter. Along each side of the court are rooms numbered. It made me think of a row of bath houses at the beach. From this building we went down to the corals, and of all the neat places I ever saw, this was the nearest perfection. First were the corals for the horses, and many a house-keeper might blush to compare her home with it. We next came to the cattle corals; they have the finest of stock and intend to make dairying a prominent feature of the Colony. The milking sheds were white-washed inside and out and it does seem as though the cows must appreciate their quarters; they would if they could compare them with most in this country.

From the corals, we came to the engine house. A little ho air engine pumps 3,000 gallons of water an hour. They have seven big windmills and two big tanks, one holding 50,000 gallons, the other 50,000 gallons. The engine is to be used when the wind is not favorable. The water is used for the buildings and for irrigation; that is why the place is so valuable. Land in this country to yield anything must have water.

From the engine house we went into the red brick building; as we entered the double rooms we found ourselves in a long, large room like a hall, and it seemed to be filled with children. Mrs. H—, a pleasant, motherly woman, welcomed us and informed us that we were in the children's playroom. As we entered, a large sign at each end of the room attracted my attention, "Please do not kiss

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 16, 1898.

Vol. III. No. 38.

Town Topics

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING.
ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That is Set on a Hill Cannot Be Hid."

Otis Hayford of Hanover, was in town, Thursday.

We learn that A. W. Grover is entertaining the mumps.

First class board at Poplar Tavern, at \$2.25 per week.

Ora Saunders of Albany, was in this village last Friday.

Edmund Mains aged 88 years, was in this village, Monday.

Grace D. Farwell of Gilead, was in the village last Thursday.

E. A. Barker who is at work in Shelbourne, was at home last Saturday.

J. M. Philbrook went to Bridgton with a car of cows and veal calves, last Monday.

The Columbian Club will meet on Saturday afternoon with Mrs. J. M. Philbrook.

The subject at the Universalist church next Sunday morning is "Christian Citizenship."

Rev. A. K. Bryant of West Paris, will preach at the M. E. church next Sunday morning.

The Y. P. S. C. E. will hold a Valentine sociable at Garland chapel to-morrow evening.

The Middle Intervale sewing circle meets with Miss Minnie Kimball, Thursday, Feb. 24th.

Mr. DeCosta, wife and little boy from Rumford Falls, have been visiting at H. C. Andrews'.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Peabody, the managers of Poplar Hotel, Newry, made the News office a call last Wednesday.

The Literary Society will hold its meeting to-morrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, at the home of Miss Eva Bryant.

Miss Florence E. Chipman wishes to form a class in Bethel for the study of the violin. For terms and particulars address her at Gorham, N. H.

The young people, eleven in number, from Hapgood district enjoyed a sleigh ride to Newry Corner one evening of last week with a three horse team.

It is expected, there will be work at Mount Abram Lodge next Saturday evening; several candidates are awaiting degrees. One member was given the second degree at the last meeting.

A. T. Copeland of South Bethel, will sell his personal property at auction next Saturday; we understand that he will soon start for Klondike gold regions. His many friends will wish him success and a safe return.

To be sure the evenings are growing shorter, but there is time after the lamps are lighted for an hour's reading. The reading matter, which should be the best may be found at the News office in a selection from the following: Lady of the Lake, The Children of the Abbey, Miles Wallingford, The Alhambra, Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby, Vanity Fair, Twice Told Tales, Andersen's Fairy Tales, Cranford, etc. These books are well bound with gold stamped backs and are offered at only 25 cents each.

Resolutions of Sympathy.
Bear River Grange, No. 285.

WHEREAS: Our Heavenly Father has in his great wisdom called home one of our worthy brothers, Rufus Farrar, Jr.,

RESOLVED, That the removal of this brother, by death will be felt as a great loss to our Grange.

RESOLVED, That our sincere sympathy be extended to this bereaved family in their great affliction.

RESOLVED, That our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days. That a copy of these resolutions be placed upon the records of the Grange, a copy printed in the local paper, and a copy sent to the bereaved family.

C. W. Godwin, Com.
Wm. Williamson, on Resolutions.
H. B. Godwin, Newry Me., Dec. 30, 1897.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength, by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, etc.

A BAD BLAZE.

Gould's Academy Barely Escapes Ruin.

The concert in Odeon hall Thursday evening had a rather unfortunate "finale." As the stage was being prepared for the Prison Scene the news came that fire had been discovered in Gould's Academy. Most of the firemen and a large part of the village people were in the hall, and there was a wild rush for a moment but no one was injured.

As usual our firemen were among the first to reach the scene of excitement and lost no time in getting to work.

The fire started in the gymnasium on the upper floor and had made considerable headway before it was discovered. It had broken through the roof in several places before help arrived, and to save the building seemed practically impossible. It was with much difficulty that the firemen succeeded in getting into a position to do effective work, owing to the fact that the snow was so deep around the building that it was almost impossible to get about, while the heat and smoke was so intense in the upper part of the building where the fire was located, that no human being could exist there for any length of time.

Several attempts were made to ascend the stairs before any one was successful, but at last, having procured an axe and broken out every window that could be reached, thus letting much of the heat and smoke escape, they succeeded in getting at work. All this, however, was done in less time than is required to tell it.

Much praise is due the firemen for the faithful and efficient services which they rendered; no one could have done more; they labored against great odds and were it not for their daring energy and perseverance, Gould's Academy, so dear to Bethel, would now be in ashes.

About an hour was required to extinguish the flames which were confined largely to the upper part of the building. The roof was nearly destroyed and will have to be replaced, but the damage below is mostly from water; everything was wet down from the roof to the basement and damaged to considerable extent.

The loss is estimated at \$3,000 and is covered by insurance.

Nothing whatever is known as to the origin of the fire. Mr. Hanscom went to the gymnasium about 5 o'clock, Thursday night, and everything to all appearances was all right, then, and no one was in the room between that time and 9-30 when fire was discovered.

The present term lasts two weeks longer and will be continued in the grammar school building. Repairs will doubtless begin at once and the building put in condition for the spring term which will open the last of March.

Gould's Academy Reception.

This week has been one of excitement; one of profit as well as pleasure. Who could attend the reception given by the students of our Alma-Mater. Friday evening at Odeon hall and not feel they had spent an evening long to be remembered! The Hall was so prettily decorated that it was like entering an elegant drawing room. Standing in the gallery and looking down upon the bright faces and merry groups it seemed almost as though one were gazing at most beautiful picture. Then descending the stairs and entering the hall you became at once one of the motley throng.

Near the entrance were the stalwart forms of some of our most promising young men. After being escorted to the Chaperson's Corner, where we found our kind friends, Mrs. Herrick, Mrs. Wiley, and our much respected teacher, Mr. Hanson, we were invited to join in a march very prettily led by Mr. Leon Walker and Miss Barbara Carter. As we became tired of the mazes and windings in and out of the march,

"Then music with her silver sound, With speedy help doth lend redress."

The well-known Academy Quartette, Messrs. Field and Walker, and Misses Florence and Barbara Carter rendered "Forget me not" in a way that would do credit to artists. The applause was long and loud and the quartette responded in a most graceful manner. The male quartette, Messrs. Pratt, Field, Walker, and French, sang "Nellie was a Lady" and responded to the encore with "Good-night Ladies." Their voices blended in most perfect harmony.

How proud we should be and are, to have such talent in our midst and such fine talent that the adjoining towns are only too glad to enjoy it to the utmost.

Miss Mayo should be justly proud of her relocation work. Due

credit was shown in the way Miss Beatrice Kellher and Mr. Loren Glines gave their selections. Mr. Herbert C. Rowe very kindly gave two selections on his Gramophone which everyone certainly appreciated.

All were bountifully served with delicious ice-cream and cake. Much praise is due the students for the charming manner in which they entertained their friends, both young and old, and especially to the different committees whose arrangements were all so carefully perfected that everything from first to last was conducted with perfect ease and without the slightest friction or delay. People began to wonder if there was anything more that could be done to entertain them. Yes, they knew only too well they were to witness the treat of the evening when the curtain rose showing the walls of a prison. Could anything be more grand than the way in which Mrs. Tuell, Mr. Snyder, and the Chorus of Nuns rendered the Prison Scene from Il-Trovatore? Last year it was fine, but this year Mrs. Tuell outdid herself. She held her audience in such a way as to sway them with her every feeling. No adjective in the English language is grand enough to describe the harmony of the whole scene. Mrs. Tuell is truly a great acquisition to our society.

When Miss Billings seated herself at the piano to play the "Farewell March" it dawned upon us all too soon, that the evening's pleasure was nearly over. As we gathered round the chaperons to make our adieux, it was a mutual agreement that the "G. A. Reception" ought to be recorded in the annals of the school.

There was no need of asking if they had enjoyed the evening; one look at the happy, smiling faces round the hall would satisfy you.

The first thing that caught our glance as we came into the Hall was the name, "Gould Academy" in large letters on a wire just over the stage and as we left, our parting glance went once more to that name ever dear to the citizens and students.

"Alma Mater forever!" was in all hearts.

B. M. V.

Festival Chorus Concert.

Thursday evening, Feb. 10, a large audience greeted the Bethel Festival Chorus, altho' it was the third public concert they have given. This fact is evidence of the interest our people take in the great musical way that has swept over our State. The program as published last week was carried out.

That Bethel people are appreciative of its local talent was proven for the enthusiastic applause given Miss Gibson and Miss Purinton. Miss Gibson gracefully declined an encore, but Miss Purinton sang very happily the dainty little song from Cowen, "Snowflake."

Mr. B. C. Snyder, in his rendering of "If With All Your Hearts," from Elijah, showed a very delicate conception of the thought of the composer and brought his audience into sympathetic touch with this great master of the oratorio. He received an enthusiastic encore but declined.

A ladies' quartette is always a pleasing feature on a program and the perfect blending of all the voices made this number very much enjoyed. The audience insisted upon a second appearance and they kindly sang "No Evil Shall Befall Thee," from Eli.

Mr. C. L. Doe in duet and solo, made a very fine impression, this being his first appearance here in concert. A hearty applause for his solo, "Bill the Bo'sun" was assurance that his rich baritone voice was appreciated, and he responded with "The Holy Friar," which gave an opportunity to show the compass and richness of his voice.

Miss Chipman surprised her audience with her skillful playing of the violin, and to say she is an artist would be sufficient praise, but she is destined to rank high among the artists in her profession and a brilliant future for her is assured.

Mr. E. A. Steady of Berlin, N. H., had the honor to first introduce the Bethel people to that wonderfully sweet instrument, the saxophone. He held the audience spell-bound and, it possible, his encore, "Good-Bye, Sweet Day," touched a tender chord in the hearts of his hearers than his first selection.

It is the hope of Bethel people that this introduction to these artists, may extend to a thorough acquaintance by their oft appearance in concert here.

The Chorus gave evidence of the patient study of its members and

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Bethel, W. L. Briggs Store.
South Paris, Shurtliff's Drug Store.
Norway, Shurtliff's Drug Store.
Rumford Falls, C. Clifford.

Bethel, Maine, Feb. 16, 1898.

LOCAL NEWS.

Z. F. Durkey was in town, yesterday.

W. R. Chapman was in town Friday.

D. R. Hastings of Auburn, made us a call this morning.

The Bethel Chorus will assemble for rehearsal next Tuesday evening.

Miss Sadie Farwell is tenderly caring for the mumps this week.

J. S. Hutchins of South Bethel, called at the News office, Saturday.

Are you aware that you can get a first class dinner at Poplar Tavern for 25 cents.

Mr. Howard Carter has secured a position as clerk in an insurance office in Portland.

Mrs. Richmond Duran of Cumberland, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fox, for the week.

A rarity in the shape of fifteen inches of brand new snow, this morning. And still at it.

H. A. Goss and wife of Lewiston, Sullivan, Russell of Waterville, and G. A. Robertson of Augusta, were in our village, yesterday, to attend the funeral of the late Stephen Russell.

Stephen Russell, a former resident of this town, but for many years a jeweler in Augusta, died at his home in that city, Sunday. His body was brought to Bethel, Tuesday, for interment.

The Christian Endeavor meeting will be held this Wednesday evening and led by Mr. Ernest Pratt who will give a talk upon "Good Will Farm." This subject ought to be of interest to all, and a full attendance is desired.

Sheriff Penley was called to Blanchard and Twitchell's camp last Saturday to serve a writ; he went to Berlin and from there to the camp on the log train; when about to return, he found that in order to make connections with the train so as to reach home at night, he would be obliged to walk fifteen miles; he did and says he does not care for such an opportunity very often.

The organization of a chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution is contemplated in the near future, and it is desirable that its membership should not only include women in this town, but also those of the adjoining towns who are so fortunate as to have descended from man or woman, who with unfailing loyalty, rendered material aid to the cause of Independence. More definite information will be given next week.

Notes from the Monhegan Club.

The Monhegan Club met on Wednesday evening, February 9th at the club home. Topics on Maine's authors were discussed; although quite a number of the club were unable to be present, the meeting proved to be both pleasant and profitable. Several new members were added to the club, and an amendment to the constitution adopted. Miss Jessie Philbrook invited the members of the club to spend a social evening at her home, on Friday, February 18th.

The club will now take a short vacation, not convening again until March 3rd.

Notice.

Having received several inquiries by mail asking me if I am a candidate for the position of Postmaster, I take this method of announcing to the patrons of the Bethel Post office that I am, and in favor of the position, will endeavor to maintain the present efficiency of the office.

Yours respectfully,
Geo. E. King.

Best of All

This Grand Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla is Permanent—Dreadful Suffering Completely Relieved.

"I was suffering with my stomach, and prescriptions did not do me any good. No one could tell what ailed me. I had a dreadful feeling in my stomach and a constant pain under my shoulder blades. Many times I was compelled to lie down flat on my back to press my shoulders against something for relief. After doctoring for months and feeling no better I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, it having been taken by some of my acquaintances with benefit. Before I had finished the first bottle I began to improve, and it was wonderful to see what a change there was in my feelings. When I had taken six bottles I was cured, and, best of all, I have never had any return of those sufferings." Mrs. E. E. Burnham, Rumford, Maine.

Remember
Hood's Pills act easily, promptly and effectively. See

February 14th.
ADDIE KENDALL MASON.
A queer old chap is St. Valentine, For whom Cupid points such darts, And sends them flying through every clime.
In search of all tender hearts. This Cupid too, is a sly little elf With mischief just running over; Old maids and bachelors he dislikes, But—"All the world loves a lover."
St. Valentine may be growing old, But Cupid is young as ever; His roguish face is gay and bold, His courage fails him never. Here's wishing him an endless reign, A heart as true and tender, For then no lover's eye will be Without one strong defender. West Bethel, Maine.

Ministerial Association.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

be carried on in relation to the meaning of the word "liberal." He can unite so far as it is necessary to surrender the fundamental doctrines of our religion. We can unite on all efforts to elevate humanity, and for the overthrow of all evils. We can unite on Thanksgiving, etc.

Bro. Holt can not unite in direct religious work with those churches whose views are essentially opposed to those of our own denomination. He does not feel at liberty to exchange with the pastor of an unevangelical church, without first of all explaining publicly to what extent he agrees with the doctrinal opinions of him with whom he exchanges.

Bro. Corey thinks that some of the so-called liberals were fearfully wrong in theology, but were right in heart. He can exchange with the Universalist, who believes in the atonement of Jesus and his essential deity and the salvation through faith.

Bro. Barton (Universalist pastor) believes the prevailing belief of his church is much nearer the evangelical position than it is to the Unitarian. The distinction is mainly in regard to the duration of future punishment but leaves the duration of it to the Father. The extent to which we can unite is dependent upon circumstances.

Adjourned till 1:30 p. m., by singing the Doxology, and benediction by Rev. A. W. Waterhouse.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

Rev. A. T. Craig of Berlin, N. H., led the devotional service.

The committee on nomination recommended the following officers for the ensuing year: President, J. A. Corey, P. E.; Vice-President, D. H. Holt of Bridgton; Secretary, Thos. P. Baker of Mechanic Falls; Treasurer, R. A. Rich of Buckfield; Executive Committee: G. D. Holmes, Alex. Hamilton, G. D. Stanley.

The exercises commemorative of the centennial anniversary of the first Methodist preaching were then entered upon. Rev. A. Hamilton read the following paper on the "History of Methodism in Bethel."

Early in the year 1793, Nicholas Snethen, who was stationed on Portland circuit, came to Bethel and preached a few times. He was of Welsh extraction, converted in 1791, and five years later was ordained and came to Maine as the associate of Rev. J. Finnegon. During the same year, John Martin, a local preacher, held a few meetings in this town. At the request of the people, he induced the Rev. Joshua Taylor, then Presiding Elder, to visit them. This he did with much satisfaction; for he says, "There seemed to be some tenderness among a few of the congregation." After this, in company with Bro. Martin, he visited them several times. During that winter, they were connected with the Portland Circuit, and had preaching once a fortnight by the circuit preachers, the Revs. T. Merritt, J. Baker, J. Soule, and J. Merrick. There was some awakening, but of no great magnitude until a preacher was stationed among them. The people requested a preacher, and as the prospect seemed good, one was sent at the close of the year 1799.

In the spring of the year 1800, Rev. Joseph Baker came and stayed with the people. The Conference was held in July that year at Lynn, and he was appointed preacher in charge of Bethel and Rumford. The first society was organized in September of the same year, consisting of fourteen members. At the opening of the following year, many were converted and they were greatly encouraged. Allen's history of Methodism in Maine states that "Bethel circuit included at first, Bethel, Hanover, Rumford, Gilead, Mason, Andover, Peru, Hamlin's Gore, and an undefined region farther north." In 1832, Rumford circuit was set off. Afterwards other circuits and stations were formed, making at least a half-dozen separate charges out of what was once the old Bethel circuit.

The first Methodist house of worship was built at Dustin's Ferry, East Bethel, about 1814. This was finished on the outside during the ministry of the Rev. Caleb Fuller in 1828. A stove was then put in. For fourteen years the worshippers had to depend on the favor of the preacher, or the fire in their own hearts, or possible on warming pans, to keep them warm in cold weather. Ethan Ellis gives the following description of the building: "No part of the house was ever painted. The

foundation was of rough stones dug from the ground near the building. The church contained forty-eight pews, numbered with chalk upon the pew doors. Singers seats each side of the door, raised about three feet, with panel work in front, and doors same as pews. The pulpit was at the other end, raised about five feet, finished all round with high panel work, and a door secured with a wooden button. This building was struck with lightning once during a service, when a Mrs. Magill was killed and several others prostrated. This house was sold, taken down, removed to Hanover village and is now used for a furniture shop. The first class-leader was Nathaniel Segurs. He was one of the first settlers in Bethel. During an Indian raid he was taken captive and carried by them to Canada. The story of his captivity and sufferings was published in pamphlet form. He maintained his Christian integrity until the close of life. He died in 1848 at the advanced age of 93. Another church was built at Locke's Corner. This also was removed and remodeled. It is used for worship at Newry Corner. During the pastorate of Rev. E. Davies in 1859, 1860, a neat and convenient church was erected at Bethel Hill at a cost of \$3,000. This edifice was destroyed by a cyclone on the 18th of September 1891. The immense steeple, yielding to the fury of the tempest, fell with a tremendous crash full length of the church. The church organ and almost every pew were completely wrecked. The bell fell to the first floor. Every thing went down but the walls. Had it been an hour later, the results might have been awful, as the regular prayer-meeting would have been in progress. Death or injury would have come to nearly all, since every pew but six was smashed to pieces. At first the society was greatly disheartened, and for nearly three months nothing was done to rebuild. But in December, their courage rose and they resolved to at once arise and build. Before the next Conference \$1,350 was expended. The Board of Church Extension made a donation of \$200. Persons from the other denominations made generous contributions.

"The Universalists kindly offered the use of their church. Besides the cash subscriptions, friends gave an organ, a chandelier, furniture, etc. The pastor, Rev. B. F. Fickett, labored with great zeal and tact. He had the hearty co-operation of the people. Much praise is due to the chairman of the building committee, Calvin Bisbee, whose time, strength, business ability, and practical experience, as well as his means, were put into the enterprise. He was much helped by John S. Swan, who for years has been a loyal and devoted member, ever ready to aid by word and deed. The new structure was built upon a new and approved plan, drawn by architect Elmer Thomas of Auburn. The church is commodious, convenient, and beautiful, well worth \$4,000. It was dedicated Feb. 14, 1893, free of debt.

Thus from a small beginning this society has gone on to its present strength and success. There have been many years when the prospect looked dark and the future uncertain, but having been blessed with an able minister and faithful members, a good degree of prosperity has been enjoyed. Extensive revivals have occurred at different times, notably in 1838 and 1839 when about 200 were converted under the labors of the Rev. C. Fuller and Rev. I. Downing. The names of many of the preachers, who were appointed to this circuit in their early ministry, have become widely known. Some have been presiding elders. Of these, the Rev. A. W. Pottle and Rev. J. B. Lapham are in the active work. One, the Rev. Joshua Soule, was made a bishop. The church is now hopeful, and is to be congratulated on the delightful spirit of harmony and enterprise that prevails. Its young people are loyal, spiritual, and earnest workers for Christ.

The balance of this report will be published next week.

Battleship Maine Blown Up.

The battleship, Maine, was blown up last night at 9:40 as she lay in Havana harbor. She was totally destroyed and many of her crew were killed and wounded. As yet the cause of the explosion is not apparent and Capt. Sigsbee suggests that public opinion should be suspended until further report. The explosion took place in the bow of the vessel while the greater part of the crew were asleep. The Spaniards express their sympathy and have received orders to assist the Maine's crew in every way possible. The wounded are receiving careful attention as they are brought on shore. At 11:30 p. m. the ship was in flames.

Whenever a delivery wagon leaves a pile of ice cream at a woman's house all her neighbors know it, and rush through their work so they can watch at the windows for the guests.—(Athens Globe.)

Notice.

To the Patrons of Bethel Post Office:

Through the columns of the News, I wish to announce to you that I am a candidate for the position of Postmaster, for the next four years.

Respectfully yours,
A. W. Grover.

Our Young Readers.

"Boys."

Sturdy little farmer boy, tell me how you know

When his time to plow the fields, and to reap and mow.

Do the hens "with yellow legs" Sould you when you hunt for eggs?

Do you drive the ducks to drink, waddling in a row?

Do the pigs in concert squeal When you bring their evening meal?

Tell me little farmer boy, for I'd like to know.

Nimble little sailor boy, tell me how you know

How to navigate your ship when the tempests blow.

Do you find it pretty hard Clinging to the topsail-yard?

Don't you fear some stormy day overboard you'll go?

Do they let you take a light When you go aloft at night?

Tell me, little sailor boy, for I'd like to know.

Little boys of every kind, tell me how you know

That 'tis time ere school begins rather ill to grow.

Does the pain increase so fast That 'tis terrible at last?

Don't you quickly convalesce when too late to go?

Do you think I am a dunce? Wasn't I a school-boy once?

Tell me, all you little boys, for I'd like to know.

—John S. Adams, in St. Nicholas.

Dear Children:

We wish to say a word to you this week in regard to your letters on Whittier; doubtless you enjoyed those published last week and will enjoy those to come in the coming weeks. We have taken much pleasure in receiving the letters and feel that you must have much interest in the columns devoted to you, to respond so promptly and intelligently as you have. We wish to give our literary aspirants a chance to improve their talents and ask that you will send us any compositions, poems or stories you may write and we will give them space in our columns. Also any poem or story you may read that you think our readers would be interested in, we shall be glad to receive for publication, but we ask that any thing sent may be given with the author's name.

Whittier and the Children.

Mr. Whittier did not stand on his dignity, but joined in the game played in his presence, wrote his nonsense verses on demand, had the keenest sense of the ludicrous, and loved all sorts of innocent fun. We have heard him say that he was known among the children as the man with the parrot—the parrot being a remarkable bird that used to stop the doctor's gig with his "Whoa!" and when the school bell rang would call from his lofty perch, "Run in, boys! run in! run in!"

"Run in, boys! run in! run in!" the fact being that the children felt the parrot to be a bond between them, and he was less of a demi-god and more of a man to their imagination on account of "Charlie." Mr. Whittier was of course very fond of children, and had been known to risk the loss of an important train with equanimity when the easy-going, good-natured hackman had been overtaken by an uproarious school of children, and had gone with them for a little drive, appearing at the door at length, the carriage overflowing with the rosy faces of the little people, who cared nothing about time, tide, and the train.—Harper's Magazine.

Children's Letters.

Mason, Maine, Jan. 26, 1898.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am a little girl ten years old. The lines of poetry in the last Bethel News were written by John Whittier the poem called "Snow-Bound" in which he gives a description of his birth place. He was born in eighteenth hundred and seven in Haverhill, Essex County, Massachusetts. A few of his poems are "The Tent on the Beach," "The Shoemaker," "The Huskers," "The Fisherman," "Maud Muller," and many patriotic poems written at the time of the Civil War.

Your sincere friend,
Frances Brown.

Gorham, N. H., Feb. 2, 1898.

Editor of the Bethel News:

I saw in your paper that you wanted all the boys and girls to write about

"No clouds above, no earth below, A universe of sky and snow!"

John Greenleaf Whittier was called the Quaker poet. He was born in Haverhill, Mass., in 1807. He is our leading lyric poet and is more peculiarly American than others of equal fame. His "Maud Muller," "The Barefoot Boy," "Barbara Frietiehe," etc., are familiar to almost every school-boy in the land.

"Snow-Bound" is one of the best of his poems. Last winter our class repeated "Snow-Bound." I had the first part ending with,

"Shook his sage head with gestures mute, And emphasized with stamp of foot."

I like "Cobbler Keazer's Vision" best.

I will be fourteen years, the twenty-second of February. I am in the Gorham grammar school this winter. I like my teacher very much. Her name is Miss Laura Manderson. I think she is

Time is a Measured Portion of Eternity....

If you desire to measure your portion correctly, it is essential that you have an accurate instrument to do it with.

MY WATCHES.

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KEEP GOOD TIME.

The 17 jewel ones are recommended, though all are good goods and prices are right, as my rapidly increasing sales testify.

Fine Repairing.

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the youngest teacher and one of the best I ever went to. She is graduate of Gorham High School and also of Plymouth Normal School.

Hoping this will not be too long and to hear from the rest of my schoolmates who repeated "Snow-Bound" with me, I am

Yours truly,
Louis Quincy Mercer.

Newry, Maine, Feb. 1st, 1898

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have been reading your letter in the Bethel News of Jan. 19th, and I think you are giving the children a good chance to express their thoughts.

The quotation that you wished us to find the author of, is taken from Whittier's Snow-Bound, and the maiden you speak of raking hay is Maud Muller, written by the same author, J. G. Whittier, who was born at Haverhill, Mass., on the 17th of Dec. 1807 and died at Hampton Falls, N. H., on his eighty-fourth birthday.

I think any one who lives in this part of Maine can appreciate the description the poet gives of a winter snow storm especially at this time of the year. The part of Snow-Bound I like best is the twelve lines commencing:

"Yet love will dream and faith will trust, Since He who knows our need is just, That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

I think that as so many boys and girls will write about Whittier that I will tell you what my favorite poem and story is. The poem I like best is Macaulay's "Horatius at the Bridge," and the best story I have read is "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.

Charles Dickens was born at Portsmouth, England, Feb. 7th, 1812. His first teacher was his mother who taught him to read. The first of his school years, he was not well and strong so he could not join his school-mates in their games, he spent his play hours in reading books by the best authors. Soon after Charles was nine years old his father moved to London. His father lost what little money he had and Charles had to go to work in a blacking factory. How hard it must have been for him to leave his school and work in a smoky factory. The boy's father being unable to pay his debts was sent to the debtors' prison soon after his son went to work. But a legacy was left to Mr. Dickens, and the future author was able to leave his disagreeable work and resume his duties at school.

As he grew older, he showed great talent for story writing and wrote for a magazine. Many of his stories were played on the stage. He made two visits to this country where he met with the heartiest reception. He was said to be the most popular author of his day. "No other writer has ever equaled Dickens in drawing pictures of life whose truthfulness can be so readily recognized. His best works are thought to be David Copperfield, Nicholas Nickleby, and the Pickwick Papers." Dickens died on the 9th of June, 1870, in his home at Gadshill and lies buried among England's honored dead in Westminster-Abbey. Wreaths of flowers are placed by his fond admirers many times every year upon the stone that marks his burial place in the old Abbey.

I think that this letter will take up my share of the Children's Column.

Everett D. Brown.

New Mexico Letter.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

the children." Mrs. H.—informed us that so many consumptives visited them, and would kiss the children that they found it necessary to put up the sign. There are 25 children here, from little tots that cannot walk to eleven or twelve years of age. They bring them up, educate them, train them in the Faithist religion, and they are supposed in time to be able to do the work.

Off from the play-room are the rooms for the little ones and the bath rooms; the older children take a bath every night, the little ones every morning. In one room were nine little ones too young to walk, but they seemed as happy as need be, playing around. All the children keep regular hours, both as regard food and sleep.

The older ones were just at dinner as we went in and it was with some curiosity that I viewed their repast for they are vegetarians—many of the children have never seen meat. Their repast consisted of soup made from cereals, potatoes, dumplings, turnips, and bread without butter; they are all fleshy and healthy looking. The older children have a governess in the morning.

From Shalam we drove down to Leviticus; there was nothing in particular to see here only the big reservoir. Earth contained nothing we cared to see, so we drove home well satisfied with our trip to Shalam.

Be their religion what it may, they are certainly doing a great work for those children.

Adols, Ellen F. Gibson.

Prepare for Spring.

Don't let this season overtake you before you have attended to the important duty of purifying your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. By taking this medicine now you may save sickness that will mean time and money as well as suffering later on. Hood's Sarsaparilla will give you rich, red blood, good appetite, good digestion, and a sound, healthy body. It is the greatest and best spring medicine because it is the One True Blood Purifier. Its unequalled record of marvelous cures, has won for it the confidence of the whole people.

Do It Yourself.

You can tell just as well as a physician whether your kidneys are diseased or healthy. The way to do is to take a bottle of glass tumbler, and fill it with urine. If there is a sediment—a powder like substance at the bottom after standing a day and night, there is something wrong with the kidneys. Another sure sign of disease is a desire to urinate often and still another sign is pain in the back. If urine stains linen there is no doubt that the kidneys are affected.

Any and all diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and of the urinary passages and constipation of the bowels are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the best and surest medicine in the world for such troubles. It quickly relieves and cures inability to hold urine, and people young or old, who take it are not compelled to get up a number of times during the night. For putting an end to that scalding pain experienced in passing urine, nothing is so good as Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It corrects the bad effects of whiskey and beer; is pleasant to the taste, and does not seem to be medicine at all. Diseases of the kidneys and bladder often require the use of instruments to push back the sandy matter so the urine can be voided. In such cases Favorite Remedy should be taken without further delay or the disease may prove fatal. It is sold for one dollar a bottle at all drug stores. It is well worth many times its price.

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If you wish to test Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy before buying it, send your full post office address to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N.Y., and mention this paper. We will then mail you a sample bottle free, as does our circular giving full directions for its use. Every reader of the News can depend upon the genuineness of this liberal offer, and all sufferers from kidney troubles, should take advantage of it at once.

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Reserve for re-insurance, 1,434,728.08

Unpaid losses, 140,578.00

Net surplus, 984,077.08

Total assets, Jan. 1, 1898, \$3,550,397.18

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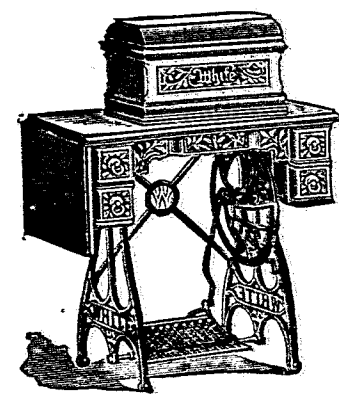
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1863	Western Assurance Company, Toronto, Canada	1,800,000.00
1874	The Insurance Company of the State of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.	1,500,000.00
1868	Globe Fire Insurance Company, N. Y.	1,200,000.00
1865	Assen and Munich Fire Insurance Company, Aachen, Germany	1,000,000.00
1866	Swiss Fire Insurance Company, Zurich, Switzer.	1,000,000.00
1866	Equitable Life Assurance Society, N. Y.	1,000,000.00
1876	Fidelity and Casualty Company, N. Y.	1,000,000.00

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TOM MARSHALL'S CAPTURE

One of the Adventures of Col. Baker in the Civil War.

DURING the time when the army of the Potomac was gathered about Washington, learning the art of war, a confederate scout by the name of Marshall, known familiarly as Tom Marshall, himself well known by his success in penetrating the union lines, was committing depredations, and obtaining information of our movements for the use of the south. His exploits in this capacity were of the most audacious character, and every effort that had been made toward his capture had signally failed. Various ingenious plans had been laid to circumvent him, but he had baffled all such attempts by his own cunning and courage. He would very frequently come into the heart of Washington in open daylight, leave some indisputable evidence of his presence, and escape just in time to do so with safety; having, in some mysterious manner, gone back and forth through our lines and so disguised himself that his identity had not for a moment been suspected.

Col. Baker, who had heard much of the doings of this scout, was one day listening to a recital of one of his fearless adventures of the day before in entering Washington.

When the story was told Col. Baker said:

"If Tom Marshall can get into Washington and go back to Berk's Station, I can go to Berk's Station and bring Tom Marshall with me to Washington."

Col. Baker got upon his horse and rode down in Virginia. The army extended across Ball's Cross Roads, and some distance down the Leesburg railroad. Gen. Blenker's forces were at the outskirts doing picket duty. Berk's Station was 12 miles from Alexandria, and it was from this place that Marshall was known most frequently to come. His house was only a short distance out into the confederate country. The southerners were running the cars as far as Berk's Station, and had a telegraph office there in the depot. Col. Baker passed on horseback through federal pickets with no very great difficulty, and rode on to a grove of pines within about two miles of Berk's Station, and between the pines he had the two armies. He then put on a confederate jacket and a slouched hat which partly concealed his face. He was effectually disguised, and had the general appearance of every southern soldier. He tied his horse to a tree in a dense forest of pines, and walked deliberately into the village. He strolled leisurely into the railroad depot and among the people around about. There were about 1,200 southern troops in the vicinity, and numbers of these were lounging about the place. The colored entered in conversation with one of the confederates, who said his name was Jo, and went with the soldier upstairs to the telegraph office, which was in the second story of the building. The room was full of southern officers and soldiers, and the colored was not noticed except as one of them. He had been there about half an hour, when, happening to be near the telegraph apparatus, which was in the corner of the room, he heard the operator call out:

"Where is Capt. Ritchie?"

The captain came forward, and the operator handed him a dispatch. He glanced over it a moment, and then called the attention of the soldiers present while he read it to Col. Baker among the rest. It was a dispatch from the provost marshal at Manassas, stating that information had been received that a northern spy had passed through the lines and was supposed to be at or near Berk's Station. A full, though not very accurate description of Col. Baker was given, and every effort was urged for his capture.

"We'll get Tom Marshall out," said one of the soldiers as he could find the Yankee if anybody can."

Col. Baker took his cue from them. He caught Jo by the shoulder and looked as though he thought of something important. "I'll bet anything," said he, "that I know where that fellow is. As I was out near the line I saw a man sneaking among the pines who answers this description. I didn't think anything of it at the time, but now I call it to mind, that must be the very spy they are watching for."

"Let's go after him," said Jo.

"He must be pretty well armed," said Col. Baker. "Suppose we get Tom Marshall to go along with us."

"That's just the idea-a," said Jo.

Col. Baker went part of the way to Marshall's house and sent Jo to call him out. Marshall came at the call and heard from some soldiers who had been stopped at his house that search was being made for a spy. When Jo told him that there was a man outside who had seen the Yankee his spirit was revived. He took possession of his gun, and buckled on the belt containing his six-shooter he came out and met Col. Baker.

The latter greeted him as though he knew him, and gave him minute particulars of where he had seen the suspected person he had mentioned to Jo, and explained wherein the description coincided. He was careful to color the description a little differently from that which was read at the station, lest Marshall might notice that his informant answered it rather closely.

They took the direction of Col. Baker's horse—Marshall very vigilant to that was going on about him, and Col. Baker, though apparently watchful for the Yankee spy, busily occupied with Plan's for Marshall's capture.

Marshall was a stalwart man nearly six feet high, weighing perhaps 180 pounds, and was a fine, bold-looking fellow. Col. Baker had a previous work before him. Marshall was dexterous and powerful, not easily taken unawares, and was a match in courage and cunning for any man in the world. Besides, he stood ready to assist him at any moment. "Jo must be got rid of," thought Col. Baker.

When they were within half a mile of the outermost picket, Col. Baker stopped and fell in his pocket, as though he had forgotten something.

"By the way," said he, "I have not got much ammunition. Jo, will you run down to the picket headquarters and bring up some cartridges?"

"Yes, sir," said Jo. "I'll go back in a twinkling."

Col. Baker and Marshall were alone together. They walked slowly up among the pines. The undergrowth, in some places, was very thick, and the pines almost as close together as they could stand.

"We'll go into the open space beyond here, if you say so," said Col. Baker, "and wait there for Jo."

They were beyond the rebel picket lines and were getting quite near the house.

"If the fellow had a horse," said Marshall, "he's left him somewhere here in the pines."

"That's what I think," said Col. Baker.

They got into the opening and were walking side by side. Marshall's pistol was in his belt, handy and ready for use. Col. Baker had his also in his belt. He stepped a little behind his companion, pulled his own pistol quietly from his pocket and cocked it without attracting notice. He then seized Marshall quickly and firmly by the collar with the left hand, and with the right pressed the pistol to the side of his head.

"One word from you," said he, in low, quick tones, "and you are a dead man!"

Marshall turned his head toward the speaker and saw Col. Baker's finger on the trigger of a cocked pistol.

"If you make a movement to escape," said Col. Baker, "I shall shoot you!"

Marshall, with the hand behind him on his collar and the pistol at the side of his head, was much to the place where the horse was standing. He knew his own weakness, unarmed as he was, and he was fully convinced that his only alternatives were complete obedience to the Yankee scout or certain death.

"Now," said Col. Baker, releasing his hold of the collar, "unhitch the horse and get on. Your hands and feet are free, but be under the control of your movements. I shall either capture you or kill you—I have not much choice between the two—you can take your own."

Marshall got on the horse. Col. Baker took the lead, and the two moved started toward the federal lines, leading the horse and always covering Marshall with his pistol.

All had been done very swiftly, for Col. Baker, fearful of the return of the appearance of some stray picket, had urged the necessity of haste upon the prisoner. "Quick, now!" said he. "If we are interrupted, I shall shoot you before you run."

They reached our picket lines and Col. Baker shouted to a sentinel, explaining who he was. The man was one of Blenker's men, who did not understand one word. He shot his musket at them and retreated slowly. Col. Baker and Marshall both wore confederate jackets, which were not calculated to inspire confidence in union soldiers.

Col. Baker moved further along the line and shouted again. He was answered by three shots, which came whizzing rather close. He did not lose his pistol range of Marshall. The firing created alarm in the camp, and in a minute or two, as far as could be heard, the soldiers were blowing their bugles, and rousing the troops with the expectation of an attack from the enemy. Col. Baker spoke to his horse and started on a run the horse for some time. He ventured out a second time and was then successful. He had found a man who understood English, and after considerable persuasion, he was allowed to enter the camp within the lines. He went to Washington and had the satisfaction of putting the famous Tom Marshall into the Old Capitol prison.

Marshall remained a prisoner for a considerable time, and used sometimes to relate the story of his capture, giving Col. Baker full credit for outwitting him. He was finally exchanged for a southern officer, and was sent back to Washington and Richmond.

One day Marshall, when out on a scout, entered the house of an ardent Confederate agent, and was invited to partake of some "apple-jack." Marshall had contracted a failing for liquor, and as this beverage was very good, and as his entertainer was very sociable, he stayed longer than he intended and took more drink than was prudent. About this time Kilpatrick's cavalry got track of him, and followed him to the house. They surrounded it and called on him to surrender. He was incensed and defiant and refused. He drew his pistol and was about to fire when one of the cavaliers shot him dead.

If Tom Marshall had lived to write his experiences as a scout he could have given the public a narrative so interesting and stirring that it would have been read with eagerness by the whole country. A man who could pass through the picket lines of the northern army of Washington, and, after a phantom-like visit, leave the city and went his way quietly back to the confederate side was a character most difficult to be found when the needs of warfare call for such a person.—N. Y. Ledger.

—The Chinese have a god for every disease, even for mumps and measles.

A Big Wheel.

The biggest wheel ever built in America, outside of the Ferris wheel, will be in operation at Bergen beach, a new resort now being put in order on Jamaica bay, next season. It will be 200 feet high, will be built entirely of steel, and will be much lighter than the Ferris wheel, and will be a wonderful wonder. From the wheel tourists who take in Bergen beach next summer can command an unrivaled view of the ocean, Coney Island and near-by resorts, and the whole of Brooklyn.—Chicago Chronicle.

Settled Him.

"Be mine?" he implored.

"No," she answered.

"I won't take no for an answer," he shrieked.

"No, then," she responded.

And he took his hat and sadly went.—Boston Courier.

To Our Customers.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best cough syrup we ever used ourselves or in our families.

W. H. King, Isaac P. King and many others in this vicinity, have also pronounced it the best.

All we want is for people to try it and they will be convinced. Upon honor, there is no better that we ever tried, and we have tried many kinds.—R. A. Blake & Sons, Big Tunnell, Va. Sold by G. O. Jones, Willet, Bethel, and G. O. Jones, Bryant Pond.

My Mamma gave me BROWN'S INSTANT RELIEF, For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, etc. I THINK IT IS WORTHY TO TAKE.

Prepared by J. C. BROWN, Proprietor, Bethel, Me.

CONDENSED STATEMENT
—OF THE—
GLOBE FIRE INSUR. CO.,
of the city of New York.

Incorporated in 1863.
Commenced business in 1863.
E. C. JAMESON, President,
WM. VALENTINE, Secretary.

Capital paid up in cash, \$200,000.

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1897.

Real estate owned by the company, unincumbered, \$64,500

Loans on bond and mortgage (first liens), \$4,500

Stocks and bonds owned by the company, market value, 456,638 25

Loans secured by collateral, 49,525 04

Cash in company's principal office and in bank, 4,268 54

Interest due and accrued, 103,337 41

Premiums in due course of collection, 103,337 41

Aggregate of all the admitted assets of the company at their actual value, \$781,265 24

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1897.

Net amount of unpaid losses and claims, \$122,501 10

Amount required to safely re-insure all outstanding risks, 202,524 74

All other demands against the company, viz.: commissions, etc., 81,052 77

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No. 20. Buy the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 4000 cured. Buy No. 20—Box of your druggist, under guarantee to cure, 50c or \$1.00. Send sample mailed free. Stearns Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

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Net amount of unpaid losses and claims, \$122,501 10

Amount required to safely re-insure all outstanding risks, 202,524 74

All other demands against the company, viz.: commissions, etc., 81,052 77

Total amount of liabilities, except capital stock and not at all, 400,078 61

Capital actually paid up in cash, 200,000

Surplus beyond capital, 125,186 63

Aggregate amount of liabilities including net surplus, \$781,265 24

W. J. Wheeler & Co., Agts.,
So. Paris, Maine.

CONDENSED STATEMENT
—OF THE—
QUEEN INSURANCE CO.,
of America.

Incorporated in Sept., 1891.
Commenced business in Sept., 1891.
JAS. A. MACDONALD, Pres.
Geo. W. BURCHELL, Sec.

Capital paid up in cash \$500,000.

ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1897.

Real estate owned by the company, unincumbered, \$714,970.57

Loans on bond and mortgage (first liens), Nil

Stocks and bonds owned by the company, market value, 3,359,004.18

Loans secured by collateral, Nil

Cash in company's principal office and in bank, 114,940.98

Interest due and accrued, 42,174.05

Premiums in due course of collection, 244,764.40

Rents due and accrued, 2,895.58

Due for Re-ins. on losses paid, 8.84

Aggregate of all admitted assets of the company at their actual value, \$4,479,418.84

LIABILITIES, DEC. 31, 1897.

Net amount of unpaid losses and claims, \$100,867.49

Amount required to safely re-insure all outstanding risks, 1,674,027.77

All other demands against the company, viz.: commissions, etc., 71,212.27

Total amount of liabilities, except capital stock and not at all, 1,846,107.54

Capital actually paid up in cash, 500,000.00

Surplus beyond capital, 2,143,311.30

Aggregate amount of liabilities including net surplus, \$4,479,418.84

W. J. Wheeler & Co., Agts.,
South Paris, Maine.

CONDENSED STATEMENT
—OF THE—
PHOENIX ASSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON,
Incorporated in January, 1782.
Commenced business in U. S., Oct. 1879.
E. B. LIVING, Manager,
E. B. CLARK, Asst. Manager,
L. F. BAYARD, 2nd Asst. Manager.

Capital Paid up in Cash, \$

ASSETS OF U. S. BRANCH DEC. 31, 1897.

Real estate owned by the company, unincumbered, Nil

Loans on bond and mortgage (first liens), Nil

Stocks and bonds owned by the company, market value, \$2,234,952.50

Loans secured by collateral, Nil

Cash in company's principal office and in bank, 642,734.05

Interest due and accrued, Nil

Premiums in due course of collection, 225,510.02

Bills receivable, 2,330.53

Aggregate of all the admitted assets of the company at their actual value \$3,095,526.05

LIABILITIES OF U. S. BRANCH, DEC. 31, 1897

Net amount of unpaid losses and claims, \$240,727.00

Amount required to safely re-insure all out-stand-ing risks, 1,423,445.60

All other demands against the company, viz.: commissions, etc., 172,174.54

Total amount of liabilities, except capital stock and not surplus, 1,836,347.04

Capital actually paid up in cash, 642,734.05

Surplus beyond capital, 1,269,181.01

Aggregate amount of liabilities including net surplus, \$3,095,526.05

W. J. WHEELER & CO.,
Resident Agents, So. Paris, Me.
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